

# CONTACTS

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for distribution to the Co-workers of the Organization.

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## SPOTLIGHT

Some time ago an acquaintance in the Store laid before us an epigram of recent vintage, which he considered might bring a laugh if inserted somewhere in these columns. It ran:

"Consider again the Power of Publicity. Look at the Depression—the most successful thing in the world today, because it's been so well advertised!"

Which, we agree, deserves a smile—but also a little cool analysis.

Broadly speaking, Advertising can make anything great in the eyes of the world. But it must also be remembered that nothing will "show up" the defects of an inferior article so quickly as this same merciless glare of organized publicity. A soap, a suit of clothes, a food product—all may win to country-wide demand—even world wide—when bathed in the spotlight of Advertising. But let these same products possess but a single major defect, and that same spotlight will show it up as glaringly as a motor headlight after dark shows up your "smooth" stretch of asphalt as

an unending succession of miniature bumps and hollows.

So it has been with the Depression ogre. It has been front page stuff for the past two years—it's been bellowed to the heavens—mouthed up and down the highways and byways—until it swept bullishly into position in the forefront of all our thinking.

Advertising put it there, yes—but now Advertising, as ever, has shown it up.

No similar condition in the history of the world was ever so quickly analysed—its essential weaknesses so precisely diagnosed—the "way out" so clearly indicated—by thinkers and economists whose pronouncements are too authoritative to be gainsaid. War debts—tariff madness—mental and moral cowardice—so on down a short and clearly defined list, the basic causes have been segregated—and the solution prescribed.

Advertising has shown us exactly what we are up against. The road is now clearly marked—and it runs upward. All that is required now is the courage to climb.  
—M.S.





## 'CROSS SECTIONS

### *Rumination on The Ruminant*

*The gum-chewing girl and the cud-chewing cow  
Are alike, yet there is a small difference,  
somehow.  
Now, what can it be? But, of course—  
I know now—  
The intelligent look on the face of the  
cow.*

"No," said our friend the Captious Critic, moodily, "there is nothing that sours the cream so completely, so far as I'm concerned, as the spectacle of an otherwise attractive female punishing a wad of gum! Something about those rubber-jaws that somehow just doesn't fit in with the picture Mother used to paint, and it's the chicle that does it! Take some sweet lady whose face, in repose, conjures up memories of June roses and song of birds in the sunshine. Shove a couple of slabs of Queermint into her dentistry, and bing!—all you can think of is bran-mash time up at the stockyards, or a truck-horse going through a nice juicy swamp!

"Why do they do it? 'Tisn't only the immediate effect, either—look what happens afterwards! Show me a chronic gum-walloper today, and in five years I'll show you an old lizard with a jowl on her like a bloodhound, and most likely the same sag in her eyes!

"Some pound on the left—some crack on the right—some work straight up and down on it, and others

have a sort of ponderous cross roll like a bull-dog's trot—but they're all poison, if somebody'd only tell them!

"There's nothing I know that'll steer me away from a doll more quickly than to see her go into action on a faceful of rubber—and by the same token, there's nothing that'll steer me or any other customer away from a counter any more smartly than the sight and sound of a battery of these same gum-thumpers behind it! Think it over!"

### *Now, About These Diamonds!*

Did you know that if a diamond is left in the sunlight a long time, it will glow of itself when in the dark? Do you know that diamonds were at one time worn as charms against insanity—and that chemically, the diamond is exactly the same make-up as charcoal and the graphite you use in your lead pencil?

These are only a few of the enlightening facts that were laid before us by Mr. R. T. Armstrong, of 204 Department, while we leaned elegantly against his showcase, absorbing his profoundly interesting commentaries on the most precious of all stones.

Diamonds, it appears, have been highly regarded by mankind for centuries. Writers as early as 16 A.D. have referred to them. They were first "mined" in India, and until the eighteenth century, India had no rival in the field. Then important discoveries



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were made in Brazil, and the two countries continued to supply the world's demands until both were completely overshadowed by South Africa.

It was as late as 1867 that one John O'Reilly, a South African trader, came to Cape Colony with some queer "pebbles" he had noticed children playing with up-country. One of the "pebbles" was a 22½-carat diamond which sold in the rough for \$2,000. This was the first discovery. It was followed by others of greater importance—exploration, development, progress, until today South Africa supplies more than 95 per cent of the world's diamonds—a yield which fetches the De Beers Syndicate, which controls the situation, something like \$25,000,000 annually—and all from mines which cover little more than a hundred acres of land!

Diamonds in the rough are unprepossessing in appearance and greasy to the touch. The beauty of the stone as we know it is brought out entirely by the cutting and polishing. Cutting is a highly specialized operation, the form which the stone is to take being based largely on the laws of light refraction and reflection, the objective being to secure the maximum brilliancy by means of refraction of light *within* the stone. In polishing, the stone is set in a core of metal and weighed down upon a swiftly-revolving steel disc which has been coated with a paste of diamond dust and oil. The stone must be taken from the metal core, the core melted, and the stone re-set again, for polishing *each separate face*—a slow process, and one requiring infinite accuracy and painstaking patience, particularly in the case of very small stones, as may be seen. Diamond-cutting was for centuries almost exclusively confined to Amsterdam and Antwerp, but of recent years, and particularly since the war, English workmen have more and more come into the field.

The "carat" with which diamonds are measured is not to be confused with the "carat" of gold appraisal. The gold carat is a *percentage*, representing the number of 1/24ths pure gold con-

tained in the alloy of which "gold," as commercially recognized, is made up. Ten-carat gold simply means gold 10/24ths pure. The diamond carat is a *weight*, and takes its name from the Oriental carob seed which, so tradition says, was once used to weigh diamonds. The diamond carat is a little more than three grains, giving 151½ carats to the ounce.

Only a small percentage of the stones found are suitable for cutting into gems. The remainder, however, find a useful position in the industrial world, in drills for engraving glass, porcelain, stone—for dentist drills, and particularly for rock drills in mining. The old term, "diamond cut diamond," indeed, owes its existence to the fact that all diamonds are cut and polished by dust ground from these "industrial" diamonds.

The largest diamond in the world is the great "Cullinan," one of the crown jewels of England. It weighed 3,025¾ carats—a *pound and a third!* It was cut into smaller stones, of course, but the two largest of these, 516½ and 309 carats, respectively, are still the two largest stones in existence.

And now—since the contemplation of that much diamond all in one piece has made us just a little giddy, you will have to excuse us from further dissertation on the subject. We need air!

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## Song of India

No more interesting communication has reached the Store, we are sure, than a plain envelope which arrived during Christmas week, addressed simply: "Santa Claus—Canada," and bearing the postmark of Hat Piplia, Province of Bagli, Central India!

Inside the envelope are twelve sheets of thin paper, each a letter to Santa Claus—simple, straightforward little notes: "Dear Santa: I want a three-wheeled bike. I have been good. Soan Uncar"—"Dear Santa: Please bring me a gun. Moti"—"Dear Santa: Please send me a doll and dog. Jumnia"—and so on. A quaint collection!



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What is the story? No one here knows, but on the envelope is printed: "Rev. Thos. B. McMillan, U.C.C. Mission, Hat Piplia, C.I.," so we can use our imaginations easily.



A Mission School, surely—and a grave-eyed teacher telling the class the age-old story of the rewards the Yuletide holds for all good children. Then the excitement of writing to Santa, with each little brown-skinned pupil excitedly stating his desire. The letters are all enclosed—the teacher addresses the letter simply, "Santa Claus, Canada"—Canada, to these little Oriental minds being the logical icy habitat of such a gentleman. Then the formality of posting it, the wise (?) teacher knowing that, so addressed, and without postage the letter will never reach any destination, but knowing better than to spoil the childish illusion. And then, the "touch of nature," and the postal officials for half-way 'round the globe, successively forwarding the missive until it reached the first Santa in Canada—at EATON'S.

Heigho! The story may be all cock-eyed, but the fancy pleases us, and we're glad the Store received the letter—even if there was eight cents postage due, and in spite of anything Mr. Ghandi might have to say about trading outside India!

## Grouse No. 14a-26

We hereby nominate for the nearest ash-can all users of such profoundly original and soul-stirring blurbs as: "Something for you?" or "May I help you?" as an introductory greeting to a customer. These dreary interrogations

have become about as bright and pleasing to the ear as a leaky tap. Why not, in the name of all the great-grandfathers of salesmanship, make it something original—something interesting?

Just as a suggestion: the majority of customers are already looking at something when you approach them. Why not jump right off the dock with some *information* about what they're looking at? If it's a book, say: "Charming story, madam—one of Glutz' best—about four stevedores and their search for happiness in Uruguay"—or if it's furniture: "Did you notice how the legs were braced, sir—look, solid as an alderman's breakfast!"—or *anything* but "May I help you?" Believe it or not, the average customer's reaction—justifiably, too—to this enquiry is an almost overwhelming desire to snap back: "Yeah!—go 'way!"

## Cheese, Guys!

"Dear to the palate of the epicure is his Roquefort," goes a French proverb—speaking, of course, of what has been well called the "King of Cheese." In this respect, if in no other, we qualify as an epicure, for the tangy delicacy has long been one of our pet weaknesses. However, it had never occurred to us to question the antecedents and historical background of the fragrant dainty, until journalistic responsibilities had turned practically everything in life into a prospect for a "story." When the idea *did* occur to us to look more deeply into the matter, we took our Nose for News (and Roquefort) down to 224, and were richly rewarded in the illuminating details which were laid before us.

Roquefort cheese is manufactured in picturesque Roquefort, high in the mountains of Aveyron, South of France. It is there that the famous natural caves are situated in which Roquefort is cured. These caves are deep in the limestone rocks and moist, cold air currents are continually passing through them.

There is a quaint legend about the origin of Roquefort cheese. About



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Eight centuries ago, so the story goes, an humble shepherd chanced one day to leave his lunch, a piece of sheep's milk cheese on a slice of bread, in one of the caves near his native town. Returning a month later, he was surprised to find his cheese transformed into a new food of delicious flavor. From that time on shepherds brought their cheese for curing to the caves from their small dairies. But for centuries Roquefort was destined to flourish unhonored and unsung outside a small area. Gradually it was introduced upon the tables of the gourmets of Paris and then of other European capitals.

The process of manufacturing Roquefort is unique. After the separation of the whey, the curds are placed in hoops in three separate layers. Between them, specially prepared *bread crumbs* are laid, and the whole mass pressed and dried before being removed to the caves for salting and curing. The process of ripening occupies from 30 to 40 days, during which each cheese is scraped several times, and then pierced with a multitude of fine steel needles to allow the air to reach the bread-crumbs layers and thus promote the growth of the green mould.

It is this green mould that gives to Roquefort cheese its characteristic flavor. Curiously enough it is only in the caves of Roquefort that this cheese can be cured in such a way as to bring out this inimitable flavor so liked by the epicures of the world. And never forget that genuine Roquefort cheese is made of pure sheep's milk which is unusually rich in cream. Many imitations are made of cow's milk, producing a cheese of good appearance, which, however, lacks all the finer qualities of the genuine cheese made of sheep's milk.

## The Specified Garment

We've sat up nights pondering on the thing, and still can't make up our mind whether City Advertising deserves a pat on the back or a kick in the teeth for this one. We hand the

matter over to our readers for debate, but with the reminder that no reward is offered for solution.

It appears that some weeks ago an individual with a look of grim determination on his face, burst through the swing doors and marched up to one of the leading lights of Department 213.



"Young feller," demanded he, "Do you carry Birkdale suits here?"

The salesman intimated that this was indeed the case—(we had some at the time)—and light of a great relief shone in the customer's honest face.

"Well, dawgone!" he said, with the air of one who had just reached the head of a long flight of stairs. "I'm sure glad I found one at last—I *been into three stores this afternoon, looking for Birkdale clothes, and you're the first outfit that's had 'em!* Lemme see what you got!"

## Bouquet Department

### Mail Order Entry

The Mail Order operating men take pleasure in recording their appreciation of a job well done. To those men who plan or service electric motors, conveyors, adding machines, cash registers, telephones or other mechanical aids, we wish to tender our sincere thanks. This has been a season remarkably free from interruption due to mechanical breakdowns.

### "PLUCK"

Pluck wins.  
It always wins,  
For tho' the days be long  
And dark the nights  
Between the days that come and go,  
Still pluck will win.  
Its average is sure;  
He gains the most  
Who can the most endure;  
Who faces issues  
And who never shirks;  
Who waits and watches  
And who always works.



## THE TIMOTHY EATON QUARTER CENTURY CLUB

The idea of the Quarter Century Club, so the story goes, originated in the Toronto Home Furnishings Building 'way back in 1918, during a conversation which took place between Mr. W. J. Sinden and Mr. R. Riches. The two gentlemen were discussing the number of old employees who were apparently unacquainted with each other, and wondering how many there would be throughout the Store who had been in the Company for twenty-five years. For information on the point they turned to Miss M. Taylor, and it was largely owing to this lady's tireless energy and organizing ability that the club was formed.

Mr. Riches and Mr. Sinden were delegated to ask permission of the late Sir John Eaton re forming a club, and he, with his well-remembered smile, said, "Sure, go ahead, boys; it's a fine idea."

A representative meeting, therefore, was called for January 21st, 1919, and on motion of Mr. J. Robinson (now retired), and seconded by Mr. Fred Armstrong, The Timothy Eaton Quarter Century Club was formed, the membership constituting those in continuous service for twenty-five years or over.

### *Presentation to Lady Eaton and Mrs. Timothy Eaton*

At Christmas unique presentations were made by the Quarter Century Club to Lady Eaton and Mrs. Timothy

Eaton. These presentations took the form of huge old-fashioned bouquets trailing from which were streamers of white satin ribbon upon which were printed the name of every member of the Club and the year in which that member joined. In acknowledging the Yuletide presentation, Mrs. Timothy Eaton's secretary wrote:

Raymar, Oakville.

"Miss Anderson,

"Sec., The Quarter Century Club,

"The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.,

"Winnipeg.

"Dear Miss Anderson:

"Mrs. Eaton wishes me to send her warmest thanks to the members of The Winnipeg Quarter Century Club for the very interesting gift which came with their Christmas greetings. She is so glad to have the names of the members, and appreciates very much their kind thought of her at this season.

"Faithfully yours,

"Mary M. Thrall.

"Dec. 29th, 1931."

\* \* \* \*

And from Lady Eaton, the following letter has been received:

"Ardwold, Toronto,

"December 23rd, 1931.

"The Secretary,

"The Winnipeg Quarter Century Club:

"Will you please express to the members my pleasure in the unique bouquet which I received with Yuletide greetings. When I look at the names and recall the faces I am amazed and even skeptical, for to me it seems they are still just boys and girls. And, too, as they are all well within my connection with the Company and I am still so young, it just can't be true. However, I'm glad of the fiction 'Quarter Century' to have this bouquet tied with ribbons of good fellowship. So with all good wishes for the well being of each goes my appreciation of their remembrance of me. Wishing them all luck and a better year in 1932.

"Most sincerely,

"Flora McCrean Eaton."



# AN ENGLISHMAN VISITS THE EATON ALLEY BOWLING

As the Americans say, "I have a date." I keep it as arranged, at the corner of Portage Ave. and Donald St. The weather is shocking, but I was told at tea time that this is the first really bad weather of the Winter. The wind blows fiercely in all directions, bearing blinding snow and tiny particles of ice that threaten to penetrate the skin. I am rather early for my appointment so am forced to seek shelter in the chemist's shop located on the corner. Quite an interesting shop, part cafe, part picture gallery, a battery of telephones and what not. The shop assistants took no notice of my presence, so I waited gratefully, and was glad to be joined shortly by my host of the evening, who showed no compunction at accepting shelter gratis from the chemist. At my pointing out the fact, his only remark was that had we not been there the shop would have been empty. As we had spent nothing, I could not see wherein the chemist profited. However, as we were going out into the storm our conversation perforce ceased.

I am to be introduced to the sport of alley bowling, which I am told has in recent years achieved a great vogue in America. As a lad at the country fairs I had played skittles, and since acquiring grey hairs and a waistline have bowled the lawn variety, as beloved in the long ago by Sir Francis Drake. We have been moving north, still facing the storm, though 15 minutes since, while travelling west, I was surely facing it. We approach a gayly lighted building and proceed to the cellar. My host is a member of a concern doing business in Western Canada by Mail Order, and it is part of their staff who are bowling on this particular night. It develops that my host has some part in arranging details of the play, so that I have a few minutes to look around. The room would be about 125 feet by 100. Along one end about 30 feet is taken up by benches conveniently placed for the contestants to rest on. This portion of the floor is thronged with people, young girls and men, and girls and men not so young. In fact it is a very cosmopolitan crowd. A warm buzz of conversation rises from the crowd and I felt quite at home. The larger part of the floor is covered by hardwood strips, perhaps 3 feet wide. On either side of each strip is a gutter, as I learned later to catch the unwary who would attempt too much bias. These hardwood strips are about 60 feet long and are highly polished. As seems the local custom in most things they are brilliantly lighted, the strong lamps being equipped with reflectors.

At the far end of the strips are wooden pins shaped like a roman vase and set quite firmly in their proper geometrical position. At this point I am recalled to my host as the game is about to commence. I am to observe the first game and take part in the second. The object is, I learn, to dislodge all the pins if possible

with the first ball, though three tries are allowed. It looks delightfully easy, but several jokers have been inserted into the rules. The worst joker is that unless the left-hand pin is knocked over no score is permitted, even though all the others have been dislodged. Several of my fellow contestants show great skill. One stout chap with great bulk has splendid success, five times in succession he dislodges all the pins, and I begin to think that weight and speed are the chief requirements, when my heavy friend loses his skill and a slim grey haired girl of many Summers becomes the centre of interest. Scores are posted on a convenient score sheet, and as the game nears an end the atmosphere gets quite tense. My host causes quite a ripple when he leaves the two outside pins up. The gutter receives his second and third effort. Quite absurd I thought, but later in the evening I did the same thing with all three balls. The game is conducted in a most jolly and informal way. The use of one's given name is the accepted thing, though I am sure that in their business relations many of the contestants occupy quite good posts in the company they serve. On the other hand my host informs me that quite a number of the girls present are among the more lowly paid of the company employees, in which cases the company helps to defray the cost of bowling by setting a sum of money aside for such purposes. The evening comes quickly to an end, and, as we gather our clothes and galoshes, a new crowd from some other commercial house assemble ready to take our place.

We ascend to the street where the snow still swirls and the street lights have a cold, hard look. Perhaps the secret is in the weather, it must take warm human relations to withstand such a climate. There may be some compensations, certainly hot tea and bread and cheese never tasted so good or so welcome. And then with good night and many thanks to my host, a shilling taxi whisks me away to my hotel and dreams of green hedgerows, primroses and singing birds in a gentle land.

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## THAT SIX MONTHS' OLD STOCK

When you were counting, the stock in your section this stocktaking did you come across a line that was hanging fine? Something that didn't just seem to go as it should? Maybe there's a reason, let us ask ourselves.

Go back over the last six months and see if you haven't kept that particular line in the background, never pushing it. If you have been doing this, turn over a new leaf and have a little contest all by yourself. Keep a score card if you like, if you miss a sale one day, try and sell two the next, you'll be surprised how the quantity will decrease. On the other hand your opinion of yourself will increase.



## A FIT SUBJECT

Mr. Married Man—do you know why it takes your wife so long to select a new dress or coat? It's not because she's hard to suit, but because she's hard to fit. No, pardon us, we do not mean to insinuate that the lady's figure—, no, indeed! But, here's the rub, as Will Shakespeare would have said—it's the size of the garments.

Cast your eye over the following measurements of five dresses made by different manufacturers. All are supposed to be size 40, yet notice the wide variation in the measurements.

### *Variation in Five Dresses From Five Different Manufacturers*

All size 40—

Dress.....	A	B	C	D	E
Bust measure....	43	43	44	46	47 ins.
Hip measure.....	43	45	46	46	50 ins.

Such discrepancies in measurements will be found in all sizes, and it makes no difference whether the purchase be made in Winnipeg or Chicago, in New York or Vancouver, the story is the same. You can easily appreciate how difficult it is to get a proper fit under such circumstances.

What is the trouble? Just this: Every garment manufacturer has his own idea of what size 34-36-38, etc., should be. There is no standard, or at least only a very indefinite one. There are other reasons, too, but that is the chief one.

Standardization of sizes of women's outer garments is the big problem on which the Research Bureau is working these days. This has meant a lot of tedious ground work, including the measuring up of hundreds of garments, checking and comparing numerous size charts, analyzing customers' complaints on sizes, and endless other details. A solution to the problem is rapidly taking shape. We even dare to hope that it is within sight. What this will mean to EATON customers, particularly Mail Order customers, and to the Company, cannot be over-estimated.

## "SIXTH SENSE"

Really successful salespeople, almost invariably, have a well-developed sixth sense which tells them the preference in the customer's subconscious mind. And the capable salesperson skilfully uses this sixth sense in saying just the thing the customer wants to hear. They help the customer to make a decision by giving her just the right amount of assurance on just the right point.

"Almost all children like red," I heard a salesperson tell a customer who was hesitating between a red and blue skating set. It was apparent from the manner in which she fingered the red one that she herself preferred it. Yet her hesitant manner, the fact that she was buying it for a gift, betrayed that she was uncertain as to the child's preference. Yet this simple statement, five words on the part of the salesperson, caused her to make up her mind immediately. She took the red set with a sigh of relief. The sale was terminated successfully, and much sooner than it might have been otherwise.

*Laurene Hempstead  
in "Retailing."*

## Bouquet Department

*136 Entry*

The December issue of "The Department Store" carries an enthusiastic comment on a recent "Morning Page" of EATON advertising in the Free Press.

The comment begins: "The man who writes Eaton's ads in Winnipeg must have a sense of humor," and after quoting extensively from the advertisement in question, concludes: "Who wouldn't buy after reading that? Enough to make anybody want to live in Winnipeg."

The "man" who wrote this particular ad is Miss Thelma Lecocq, of Department 136.

The Semi-Annual Sale of Furniture and Home Furnishings commences Saturday, January 30th, and continues throughout February. See how fast you can say this—and see how many people you can say it to!



## COMPETITIONS

*Come on, You Camera Fiends,  
Here's a*

### Snapshot Competition

Get out your Picture-Box—polish up the old lens—and start snooping and sniping. Here is an opportunity to earn a little cash for Easter finery!

This contest is open to all duly qualified employees of The T. EATON Co., with the exception of employees of the Photo Finishing Department.

Entries to be divided into two classes:

A—Winter Scenes: Landscapes, views and snapshots in which figures of people are *not* the main point of interest.

B—Human Interest Shots: Pictures in which figures of people or animals form the main point of interest. Children—character studies—informal home portraits enter in this class.

Those are the only rules! Just take your snaps—then leave your films at the Camera Counter, Main Floor, for developing and printing. When you leave them, tell whoever waits on you that they are for entry in Contacts' Snapshot Competition. The Photo Department will make duplicate prints of the best negatives, without charge, and these will go before three independent judges.

#### PRIZES

Three prizes in *each* class, as follows: 1st, \$5.00; 2nd, \$3.00; 3rd, \$2.00. With the publication of this issue of Contacts the contest is now officially open.

Contest closes 9.30 p.m. Monday, February 22nd. All films for entry must be in the hands of the Camera Counter before that time.

Winning snapshots will appear in the March issue of Contacts.

*How Long Is It Since  
You SKATED?*

### Here's a Sure-nuff "Athaletic" Contest

Unless our sense of discrimination in these matters is failing us, here is something that fully qualifies as one of the Wows of all the Ages!

OI! IT'S A CHALLENGE!

As everybody knows (now that we've told them), 'way up in the Life Assurance Office on the Seventh Floor, Mr. Bridgen and Mrs. Duff hold forth as representatives of The T. Eaton Life Assurance Co. Well, the holding forth is all right, but this time they've broken out—broken right out in a fine fever of athletic enthusiasm, and are hereby *challenging any two people in the Store to a SKATING RACE at any open-air rink to be designated by the couple accepting the challenge.*

There are, however (as might be expected), a few

#### CONDITIONS

1. The two people referred to must consist of ladies and gentlemen in equal proportions—one of each.
2. They must belong to the same department.
3. They must be duly qualified "has beens" of the Duff-Bridgen vintage, who are anxious to become "Come-backs."
4. Only the first two couples to take up the challenge can be accepted.
5. Events to take place at once.

#### REWARDS

If the opponents win, the challengers will forfeit the sum of \$5.00, Canadian money.

[Over

Nine



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If the challengers win, opponents will be expected to obtain a policy, or policies, for \$1,000 worth of life assurance from The T. Eaton Life Assurance Company.

THIS LOOKS LIKE A SURE THING FOR THE OPPONENTS!

They win regardless—if they lose the race, they win the privilege of buying an insurance policy, and if one later lost his life, the family or bene-

ficiary wins. Through the insurance policy, they win "ready cash" for future delivery. They win by not having to pay out cash—using the weekly insurance deduction scheme.

And, of course if the opponents win the race, they win the cash forfeit of \$5.00.

Come on, you "has beens." Let us see what kind of a "come back" you can make on skates!

## DRESSMAKING CONTEST for the Amateur Seamstress

*Open to EATON Employees in Winnipeg,  
February 1st to February 20th, inclusive*

GENEROUS CASH PRIZES FOR FOLLOWING THREE CLASSES:

- A. Most suitable business dress for Store or Mail Order wear. Judged for neatness, serviceability, workmanship and style.
- B. Most suitable smock or overall for use in Mail Order Departments.
- C. Evening or dance frocks.

### PRIZES

CLASS A	CLASS B	CLASS C
1st .....\$20.00	1st .....\$10.00	1st .....\$20.00
2nd ..... 10.00	2nd ..... 5.00	2nd ..... 10.00
3rd ..... 5.00	3rd ..... 3.00	3rd ..... 5.00

*Object of Contest* is to maintain the present high standard of smart and business-like appearance of EATON employees in Winnipeg.

To demonstrate how to dress economically, both for business and social activities, and how easy it is to make your own clothes.

### RULES

Dress material to be purchased from Departments 202 and 238 only, and bill for material attached to entry bearing date February 1st to February 20th, inclusive.

Special entry forms can be obtained in Pattern Section, 2nd floor, Donald.

Entries must be submitted to Department 202 Office on or before February 20th, bearing name, number and department.

It is a condition of entry that garments submitted have been made by employees without assistance, professional or otherwise. Employees

engaged in our dressmaking or similar sewing departments are not eligible to enter.

Garments may be made of silk, rayon, wool, cotton or mixture fabrics.

Three judges will be appointed and result announced on March 1st.

It is proposed to display the garments to the public after awards have been made.

Entries not conforming exactly to above rules are automatically disqualified.

For further information enquire at Department 202 Office.



# "CUSTOMER-PLANNED"

*—being a short note on the increased importance of getting the Customers' slant on the goods you're offering*

The R. H. Macy Company of New York recently completed a promotion which bids fair to make merchandising history. What they have done is a matter of interest to every individual connected with department store selling.

Macy's call it "Customer-Planned Sales" and the term is self-explanatory. What they did, prior to their 1932 January sales, was to make a canvass of more than 20,000 New York women, to find out *their* opinions as to what Macy's should offer in their January sale. In other words, instead of buying goods which they *thought* the customer wanted—with previous experience, hunches and guess work their only guides—Macy's this year *found out from the customers themselves exactly what they wanted to buy*.

And—to employ a colloquialism—they found out plenty! They secured information which in case after case forced them to alter opinions which had been held for months and even years, and in many instances caused a revision of their previous buying practices.

Now this is a new trend in selling—and a refreshing trend, after years of the high-pressure practice whereby every distributor from the raw-material producer down to the retailer first secured his supply, and then, by means of big-stick advertising, price slaughters, or other expedients, *created* a demand. Macy's campaign, carried to its logical conclusion, makes the Existing Demand the important feature, and secures Supply to conform to it. It is interesting to note that already other organizations are following the Macy lead, and it is conceivable that in future years a study of Existing Demand is going to assume an importance hitherto

unprecedented in recent buying practice.

All of this has its own application to Eaton's. If we have been informed correctly, there are already plans afoot for holding in Winnipeg a canvass similar in its essentials to that of Macy's. And the results will in all probability supply a great deal of food for solid reflection to all concerned.

There is, however, another application with which we are more particularly concerned at the present writing. That is, the part that individual salespeople will have to play in any successful operation of the new merchandising movement. For surely, if anybody in the entire distributional system is in a favored position to obtain information on a customer's buying habits and buying wants—it is the individual salesman or saleswoman in the "firing line" who is face to face with that customer eight hours of every working day.

How much can our salespeople find out from customers about the merchandise offered? With the present readjustment of merchandising values, every scrap of such information which can be secured—put together with countless other scraps—is of inestimable worth to those whose business it is to supply the merchandise to be sold. What is being done to glean every such piece of information that there is to be gleaned?

Here is an item in stock which is slow-moving. Can we say why the customer isn't asking for it—in *her own words*? Have we presented it to the customer wherever possible with the main idea of securing her reactions to it, whether or not we make the sale—or have we been content to regard it simply as a sluggish lemon, and put it out of mind, until we finally clear it at a costly reduction?



Here, again, are customers coming in frequently and demanding items which are *not* in stock. Have we found out everything about that item that the customer can tell us—above all, the main reason *why* she wants it? Or have we been content to favor her only with a glance of kindly sympathy and the doubtful consolation of a bald “Yes—we-have-no-bananas” comment?

Complete, accurate information, acquired from customers on every article the Store carries—and any which they don’t—is going to be at a premium under this new selling era—and the sales force is the most logical group to secure it. Salesmanship today and in the future will mean less and less the building up and creation in a customer’s mind of a demand which is not already there—and more and more the accurate analysis of and conformity to a demand that *is* already there. That store will succeed most which best supplies existing demand. And that store will inevitably be the one which boasts the most complete and most precise information on the subject.

Go and get it!

## FOR SALE

(Apologies to John D.)

We have a little Roadster,  
With complexion black and green;  
It’s the neatest little outfit  
That ever we have seen.  
It has a splendid engine,  
With not a squeal or squeak,  
And half a pint of gasoline  
Will last it for a week.  
It’s a nifty little outfit  
To go spooning with your lass;  
No one could ever find you,  
If you hid it in the grass.  
It’s so handy in the traffic,  
And it rides just like a leaf;  
And when you find a road-hog,  
You can just slip underneath.  
You can talk about your Packards,  
And all your Lincolns, too;  
But they cannot match this roadster—  
They’re just a Bally-hoo.  
Now if you want this Midget,  
And we are here to tell,  
That you will have to hurry,  
’Cause the owner’s going to sell.

*Jack (The Great) Scott.*

Stop-press news: *He sold it!*

## Bouquet Department

221 Entry

The following enthusiastic letter has been received from a client which definitely proves that good service is appreciated:

“August 31, 1931.

“The T. Eaton Co., Limited,

“Winnipeg, Manitoba.

“Gentlemen:—The most excellent service rendered the three American gentlemen by members of your Chinaware Department, is in my mind, a wonderful example.

“The three gentlemen were very representative men from the United States, and they were travelling with a fourth who did not come to the Store. He was the president of a bank. Of the others, one was a judge from the courts, another a prominent surgeon, and the fourth a retired millionaire, and these four men went away with the idea in their minds that no firm in the United States could have been so courteous and painstaking as your Company, and while the order placed by them only amounted to about \$220, you were able to relieve them of a great worry, because the purchase of the china was apparently something they had overlooked, and had you not helped them out they certainly would have gone back home in a most embarrassing position.

“This letter is written to convey my sincere expressions of appreciation for the charming manner in which you dealt with our American friends.

“Yours very truly.”

\* \* \* \*

151 Entry

Driver J. Anderson duly qualifies as one of Contacts’ hand picked corps of diplomats for this one. Calling at a house shortly before Christmas, he enquired:

“Is the little boy in?”

“No,” was the reply, “why do you ask?”

“Well,” answered the ’stute Mr. Anderson, “I have the toboggan on the rig for him, and wanted to make sure he was out of the way before I brought it in!”

Exactly the sort of thoughtful, friendly service that builds good will of inestimable value both for the Store and the individual concerned!

The Semi-Annual Sale of Furniture and Home Furnishings commences Saturday, January 30th, and continues throughout February. See how fast you can say this—and see how many people you can say it to!



## DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES

### 104—All Change!

Mr. Drummond Fraser resigned himself to the inevitable fate of most mankind recently, joining the ranks of the benedicts when his marriage to Miss Muriel Turner, of this city, was celebrated on January 6th. Some of our young women did a pretty little job of decorating Drummond's overcoat for him some time ago, but something went wrong, and the girls were almost convinced they'd got the wrong coat when nothing happened. However, we have great pleasure in assuring them that it was Drummond's coat, and *plenty* happened when he shed it some time later in a barber shop!

\* \* \*

How did Contacts find out about the latest interest in the life of H.S., and print a whole story on "Diamonds" in this issue, for her benefit?

\* \* \*

When we noticed Mary and John looking at Furniture the other day, we were moved to wonder whether they were doing a little preliminary stocktaking—planning to give the February Sale a little boost—or ???

\* \* \*

### We Understand—

1. That a certain cashier was the recipient of a mysterious phone call the other night. 'Fess up, Lil!

2. That a certain Irish gentleman has had to put up his car for the Winter owing to the road to Balmoral being closed. He is often seen, however, between the hours of 1 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. composing lengthy epistles! *We's regusted!*

3. That our "Flower from a Foreign Land," one Nicholi Tichomirov, has recently adopted a "nom de plume," and will, now, henceforth and forever more, be known as Nicholas Morrow.

4. That the crew from the Second Floor Tube Office came in last Tuesday morning walking obviously under great difficulties, and carrying on their faces martyred expressions, having been on a snowshoe tramp the previous nite.

5. "If you want to buy the best, shop at EATON'S." This is a password with many people and certainly with a certain Ukrainian gentleman who presented his case to Mr. Morrow, the interpreter. In concise form the gentleman wanted a wife from this Store. His credentials are as follows:

1. A widower with a family.
2. A house bought and paid for.
3. \$2,000 in the bank.
4. Wife might keep on working after the marriage.

Any person interested in this offer will kindly leave their name and address with the editor of this paper.

### 147 Understands—

That a certain manager, of 147 fame, is contemplating a trip to Brandon. We would like to remind him of what happened last year—the train wreck? Careful, Billie!

\* \* \*

### And Would Like to Know—

Why did the parcel that was sent from the Adjusting Bureau to a certain floor manager cause so much merriment amongst the "gentlemen" who hibernate in the same office as the aforementioned? Now, now, Henri!

### 226—

*The Drapery Department Does Its Share.* In order that undue pressure shall not fall on any particular members of their staff, the drapery department has successfully adopted a plan whereby each person contributes a portion of their time to their general welfare. By this communal plan—while not a new one—they have managed to retain several of their number who otherwise must have felt the chilly clutch of that relentless adversary—economic insecurity. This is a genuine effort that demands real sacrifice on the part of each worker participating, and as such is certainly to be commended.

We understand, unofficially, that our amiable Mr. Penton has commenced a home study course in "Educating the Customer." Those not enjoying the privilege of working in a department where personal clientele is such a definite factor will fail to appreciate the difficulties encountered. But we feel sure of their sympathy when they learn of the disconcerting predicament of Mr. Penton and others among us who find that in spite of years of patient schooling their customers still persist in forgetting their lessons, the first of which is that when coming into the department they must insist on being waited on by them, and them alone. In its larger aspect this is nothing less than a social error. Sensing that there was something lacking in the educational system, Mr. Penton (we are told unofficially) has enrolled himself for this new course which is supposed to incorporate all the latest ideas on the subject. The author was a prosecuting attorney who retired to write his book "Personality Plus" and has red hair. The beneficial results already being felt are very encouraging, and preparations are under way to have a section of the studio set aside as a waiting room for Mr. Penton's "insisting" clientele.

To those who treat lightly of such matters we publish a warning. It has been brought to our attention that one of our staff recently gaped and stammered in a most unseemly fashion when informed by a customer that the superintendent of the basement had given her certain information. While these actions in themselves were very unbusinesslike, to go further and state to the customer that this



# CONTACTS

gentleman was not the superintendent was unjustifiable. As she very well knows the customer is always right. So we suggest that this person acquaint herself with recent Store appointments, particularly those of the lower regions. Any further recurrences of this error will result in immediate and irrevocable social ostracism for the transgressor.

Apropos the foregoing we wish officially to commend this gentleman for his remarkable showing since his appointment. His far-reaching staff reorganization plans, while not yet culminated, are breath-taking, to say the least. In these is revealed the astuteness and perspicacity so necessary to maintaining the traditions that he upholds. More power to you, Mr. Einarson, and may you yet see the light in your struggle with a misdirected, misunderstanding, and quite unappreciative world.

Reports are being circulated that Mr. Frandson, our hard-working friend, is going to open a school for salesmanship. Heeding the "call" to disseminate to others less fortunate than himself some of the greater knowledge that fate has sent his way, his offer, we understand, was quickly taken up by the masses of his department and particularly his own section. These someday hope to achieve some of that larger splendor that sits so well on their mentor's shoulders. Any other departments in the Store wishing to take advantage of this opportunity have our unselfish permission to go to their nearest elevator shaft where they may listen in comfort owing to the lecturer's special loud-speaker facilities. (St. Vital papers please copy.)

Our sympathies to Miss Coulter, our genial budget director, and our sincere wishes that her present illness may soon leave her.

## 228—

We are supposed to be writing something. We are rather hazy as to why, and a great deal hazier as to what. Anyway we don't feel like writing anything, because we have just finished stocktaking for another six months. However, we now have more time to think of——?

Speaking of stocktaking, we understand Mr. Dailley has arranged with Scotland Yard for July's taking. Perhaps that is because we heard Steve announce 415 fuse plugs at three pence-halfpenny.

We extend a hearty welcome to John Blyth who has just come upstairs to join our department. We hope he will enjoy working with us. Speaking of new arrivals, Jack Stanley's family is increased by a son. Congratulations, Jack!

We understand Mr. Slinger established a world record recently, waking from a dreamless sleep at 8.15 he arrived at the Store at 8.20. How's that for "Speed." Talking about speed reminds us of "Kay" answering the phone—just why we don't know!

We are very proud of the fact that our department complaints are down the last few weeks, at least we conclude they are down, because G. T's phone was only found in the waste basket twice the last month.

The sale is now in full swing, so come up and see us. If you care to talk to "King William," he will put your name in his little black book.

## The Three Tie-ers



Have you had the Noose? No! Well, tie this. Rubber Mac, who hails from Belfast (so he says), will always sell you a real Hamberger (when he has one); Blow Out Lambert, the guy who thinks he is musical, specializes in red hot ones and Hot Air Burke, the sweet singer from the backwoods of New Brunswick. These three are always at your service, and are known as the three blind mice, who, like donkeys, greet you with a real hee haw.

## Around 220—

### We Understand—

That Francis W. and Fred D. are trying to arrange things so that they will be on the windows together again.

That it took W.G.T. to reveal the hiding place of a pair of velvet overshoes with zippers.

That Mike J. claims his girls' basketball team would have won the game if the other team had not scored so many baskets.

That Bill B. is on the market for a patent safety lock for his truck to stop it wandering off just when he wants it. That it has been suggested that Don McK. and Ted L. exchange ideas on physical culture.

That Eddie McN. claims the metatarsal arch is near the Arc de Triomphe in Paris.

That Gilbert W. has nearly perfected a machine that will put price tickets on the boxes and shoes automatically.

That the ranks of the benedicts are going to be increased when a certain billiard star takes the oath.



## Practise Swings from 222—

The first issue of *Contacts* was welcomed by one and all, and Mr. Ed., here's length to your tee shot! . . . . Mr. Cowley is busily engaged these days, arranging community singing concerts, sponsored by the Young Men's Section of the Board of Trade—and what an accompanist he is! . . . . Bert Misson volunteered free transportation for the artists, so if Bert gets a late pass we must excuse him for once. . . . 'Arry is full of pep now his stock is passed, and as usual, coy young maidens wend their way around the department, looking for the fair-haired boy. . . . Our old friend, Angus McCance, also has a musical family, his good daughter being a very fine pianist and music teacher, and together every Sunday they travel to Headingly to give cheer and good words of advice to the prisoners there. Good work, Mac! . . . . And this is a secret, but if you need a good pianist for a party, just invite that good baggage expert, Hector. Johnny McNiven is also a talented artist, taking special parts in comedy plays, and when he is dressed up, What a Boy! So with all this musical talent in our midst, you would naturally think one would get a good-timed golf swing! More news next month. Cheerio.—Joe.

## 223 Tells—

"WHY SALESMEN GO GREY"

The Scene: The Hardware Department.  
The Time: Summer.

The salesman, just having completed a sale, looks around for fresh worlds to conquer and notices a lady looking at the lawn mowers. She has a pencil in one hand and a shopping list in the other. The salesman approaches with a smile and a cheery "Can I help you, madam," having visions of a nice fat sale, hears the lady say, "Yes, I'd like to look at a lawn mower." He describes the various models, their good points and prices, etc., and the customer says, "Yes, that one seems to be alright, but now let me see the garden hose," and upon being given the cost, etc., ticks off her list. She does the same thing with a rake, hoe, spade, shovel, etc. She exhausts her list, and the salesman, wishing to close the sale, politely enquires if he may send the merchandise on the next delivery. The lady comes back with, "Oh, no thank you, I have all these things at home to sell, but I didn't know what to charge for them!" Curtain!

## MAIL ORDERS

### 2, 11—

The weekly bridge tournament was held at the home of Miss Hinds, on Monday, January 11th. Chief honors fell to Miss Grace (Lucky) Hicks, who must have made a keen study of the play by Culbertson lately, as "Lucky" has won more booby prizes than any of the members to date.

At the beginning of curling season, Dept. 11 had great hopes of seeing a fine silver cup displayed on the Sixth Floor. But last week Jack Swann was on the short end of the count again, so our hopes are so dim now that we can't even see a brass finger-bowl!

## 4— Big Bens vs. Radio Bugs

The Big Bens ticked out a 6 to 3 victory over the powerful six-tube multi-mu Radio Bugs in a fast and furious hockey match on January 19th.

Referee "Spunk" Rose jingled the bell at 9.30 p.m. and the game opened with a bang. After about 15 minutes play the Bugs were three goals up, "Slim" Baxter bagging two goals and "Howie" Elwood one. With a few minutes to go, "Bullet" Bywater notched the first goal for the Bens.

During the second period "Speed" Glendinning scored, "Big Train" Winton laying down a perfect pass. "Hooley" Smith and "Hunk" Leighton broke away, Smith scoring, Leighton getting the assist. Smith bagged another one on a pass from Winton as the second period ended.

The third period was very fast, the Radio Bugs seemed to have got on to a new wave length, but "Wild Cat" Robertson and "Chuck" Gardner held them at bay. "Smithy" Forge and Wild Bill Lacy for the Bugs put in a lot of useful work, while "Farmer" Fahrner and "Greenie" Greenwood had tough luck on several occasions. "Lightning" Williams relieved the Bugs front line and played a stellar game. "Hunk" Leighton, the Pocket Ben sized forward, showed some of his big brothers how the game should be played. "X" Jim Reay for the Bens played like a veteran between the gas pipes, as did "Gob" Andy More, custodian for the Bugs.—R. Robertson.

## "While Others Sleep"

Up to the time that Wally Williams won the Store Baseball Competition, "Rabbit" Shaw's stalwart henchman, "Swipe" Farquhar, had been jogging along at an even tempo, just coming in and going home and that's all. With the stimulus of Wally Williams' brilliant performance, and the approach of Christmas, "Swipe" Farquhar came to life. With a rip and a roar and much burning of midnight oil, the men of notions piled up a daily surplus that by the end of December had put them right at the top of the heap, though not too comfortably, for strenuous going on a long route has a way of bringing blisters and callouses.

Protests too have been made by other departments on the ground that all-night play is not in the code, but as no hard and fast rule can be found governing this phase of operating, the credit for topping the list rests with "Swipe" and his worthy helpers. As no official prize was announced in connection with the Mail Order, we think that in view of their kindly leanings "Doc" Best and "Tweet" McGurk would be only too glad to present a token on behalf of the entire Mail Order.



16, 17, 40—

On January 15th, the staff and friends of Departments 16, 17 and 40 held a very jolly tramp. Meeting at Polo Park, they tramped, rolled and tossed each other along Ormond's Creek. The night was ideal—the snow just right. We had a small fur-bearing animal in our midst, we can't name it, but Dave said it was Irish, and you know Dave is Irish too. The hike ended at the home of Mr. Mudge, where a delightful supper awaited the hungry crew, prepared by Mrs. Mudge, Mrs. Martin and Miss Howard. Mr. George Murray entertained with several solos, accompanied by the radio. We tripped the light fantastic, too, until we heard, "All right, folks, cover up now, you may go home."—I. B.

22—

Winter is sliding by, and with the approaching green season it only stances to reason (oh! oh!) that we should recall the honors with which our boys emerged from the past tournaments.

You will remember that Mr. Harry Debenham captured the B. C. Scrivener Trophy for lowest net score in "C" Division; that Mr. Bob Hutton won the prize for second low net score in the same division; and that Mr. Joe Farmer carried off second low gross score, also in "C" Division. We think that they are due foursome praise. Putter there, boys!

However, we would add that the bunker players are convinced that Harry is of Scottish descent, for, as yet, he has not tipped the cup. "Symie did," we say. Bob, whose prize, by the way, was a smoking cabinet, is a very promising young player—he is still promising the boys those cigars. As for Joe; well, we often wonder if all those golf balls that his wary eyes discover have really been lost.

Joking aside, we have to live up to our sporting name, so we'll be putting every effort into next season's play. We're fore more and better golf. —E.A.B.

48—

An exciting game was played Saturday, Jan. 16th, between two teams organized in the Mail Order Music and Radio Depts.—the Radio Bugs and Musical Doctors. The teams lined up as follows:

Radio Bugs: D. Lacey, T. Williams, H. Elwood, A. Fahrner, H. Swonnell, O. Paulson.  
Musical Doctors: A. Moore, J. Greenwood, R. Fenston, J. Baxter, R. Forge, W. Lord.

The first period showed the superior strength of the "Bugs," Elwood and Fahrner being extremely dangerous with the puck. The "Doctors" worked hard, with the result that the score was kept even, and with only ten minutes left to play the score was tied at 3-3. A solo rush by "Red" Swonnell in the last few minutes of the game gave the "Bugs" the lead, and the game ended with the score of 4-3 in favor of the "Bugs." "Slim" Baxter of the "Doctors" scored all the goals for his team.

G. Rosie handled the game with complete satisfaction to both teams. A second game will be played shortly.

## EXPENSE-IVE STUFF

122—

Good morning, Lucy! Yes, it is a fine morning. . . . Good morning, Margaret! Yes, I'll count the coupons. . . . Well that's not a bad order to start the day with. Twenty-five checks, and every item filled as the customer wished, and without a price change. . . . Waiting for a special you say, afraid you'll have to wait, have sent it upstairs to see if any more money available, seven dollars short, those "totallers" might as well be home. . . . Jim, after worrying for ten minutes with this order, I find a wrong check. No, it's not the stamper's fault, it's plain as a pikestaff. Jim, while your fixing it get me a \$2 department parcel out of bunk 962, likely it's an envelope. MMM! Been reduced from \$3.95. Well, it's a nice little dress, though it's not like the catalogue cut. Should stay sold even if the customer does dislike substitutes! . . . Here comes the chief. Bet it's a complaint, he looks that way. Hope he can pass this desk. . . . Yes, of course, she wanted the wagon, but I couldn't know that besides being Christmas time it was William's birthday. It's one thing today, but two weeks ago it was another altogether. . . . Will I recount the checks, sure, it's those groups of 23 department checks, they are only half pinned lots of times. . . . Margaret, will you look this over, the C.O.D. will have to be split. 21 department have Eaton cups and saucers on to-follow. Where are they made? "England," you say. Perhaps Mr. Cuthbert has gone over to make them by the time they are taking. Those cups should go to Lidstone, they will go mail, and this freight is going to Swan River. . . . Hello! There goes the eighth floor crowd to lunch. Better look my own face over.

129, 130—

The EATON Boys' Softball League cup rests peacefully in 130 Office for the third year. The Giants won it in 1927 and 1928, and the Cubs in 1931—a pretty good record for the despatch boys. Is it a fact that Managers Moore and Young are already on the warpath looking for talent? It has been suggested by other departments that the despatch boys are in training all day long—and it's true they have to move fast, especially around one o'clock every day, when nearly every department falls down and all parcels start arriving at the same time!

143—

Romeo Rivers, scintillating wing-man for the Champion Winnipeg Hockey Team, is looking forward to his forthcoming journey to Lake Placid for the Winter Olympiad. The best wishes of 143 and the whole Store, we are sure, will accompany Romeo on his journey.



# CONTACTS

159, 167, 173—

Mr. Dan Cupid is conscious of no depression in these departments—we notice Miss Martha Nowell and Miss Winnie Small, of 167, are wearing new diamond rings. Also Miss Bessie Windling, of 159. We extend our congratulations, girls!

The 167 Bridge Club, which meets every two weeks, met Thursday, January 14th, at the home of Miss I. Patterson, Vivian Ave., St. Vital. First prize being won by Miss Leah Mathias. Consolation by Miss Belle MacDonald.

Miss Dorothy Sothern, 173, has gone in training in the Misericordia Hospital.

Our sympathy goes out to Miss G. Markusson, 167, who met with an accident at Christmas, this being Miss Markusson's second accident within a few months. Better luck this year, Gwen.

Miss Gladys Cherrett entertained the Junior Staff of 167 at a hike on Friday, January 8th.

—E. Whyte.

116, 161—

We understand Mr. H. Whitfield, of 116 Dept., had reason to fear slightly for his continued "warm spot" in the hearts of the girls, owing to the temporary intrusion of his son during the last stocktaking, when he threatened to usurp his father's honored place. However, Mr. Whitfield seems to be giving him a "run for his money."

It has come to our ears that Bobbie O'Brien was most popular out at River Park Roller-Skating Rink last Summer, partly due to his extreme proficiency with the skates and partly due to his unruly fair curls and irresistible Irish eyes. We heard that several of the girls from 116 went out religiously to the rink, and, to cap our woes, we have just heard that Bobbie is being transferred today! Here's hoping Clifford Jones, the lad who takes his place, will prove as splendid as Bobbie has been.

We noticed Mr. John David Eaton getting quite a laugh out of some of the amusing letters addressed to the "Shopper." He has promised us a visit to our office. —Beatrice Boyd.

## Now Playing! The Greatest Show on Earth!

Displaying their wares to packed houses everyday, the Merchandise, Expense and Stock Audit Offices continue to hold their proud position as the Store's major attraction! Below is shown a spirited close-up of their third act finale, in which Punko, a mailman (Mr. Clarence Whitfield), ushers the Begum of Bopal (Mr. John David Eaton) into The Presence (Mr. Lawrie) to tell him his watch isn't really a bit fast. Ely, a bridge-hand (Mr. Bob McConkey), may be seen reverentially posed in the background, while the Terrible Turk (Mr. Jim Burns) chucks his weight about, and Chiselwell, a Sharp (Mr. Livingston), points proudly to the Big Beauty Chorus—eleven—count 'em—eleven.



And just look *them* over: Back—Edna Threadkill, Mary Waddington, Vida Bennett, Jean Hastie, Grace Williams. Front—Ivy Morris, Sadie Grant, Grace Thompson, Winnie Porter, Lucy Walton and Ruby Frame.



# HANKY PANKY

## *Historical Highlights of the Humble Handkerchief*

By W. D., 176

Its origin is kerchief, derived from two French words "couvir," to cover, and "chef," the head—old English "coverchief," a covering for the head. In many European countries the article is still used as a head covering, and women from mid-Europe can be seen in the streets of Winnipeg wearing the "kerchief" today.

The dictionary description is quite prosaic—"a piece of cloth, usually silk, linen or cotton, carried about the person for the purpose of cleaning the face, mouth, nose or hands, as occasion required; a piece of cloth to be worn about the neck and sometimes called a 'neckerchief'."

The evolution of what was once a head covering, becomes in the exigencies of fashion or through the demands of civilization, an absolute necessity—"O, I have forgotten my handkerchief," is not an unusual exclamation.

In trying to find the beginning of the use of handkerchiefs, we must turn back some 1600 years to the highly developed and pomp-loving civilization of the ancients. In Byzantine tombs are disclosed pieces of silk cloth which answered the same purpose as our handkerchief.

Then came the darkest period of the middle ages—when all was dead.

Suddenly, about the year 1540, we find the use of pocket handkerchiefs among the wealthy in Venice. From Venice the fashion, for fashion it was, spread to other cities where wealthy society flourished. Not only were they used, but the use seems to have been abused, for as early as 1595 a law was passed in Dresden forbidding the use of handkerchiefs by ordinary everyday

people as contributing to their spiritual downfall—and at the same time decreed the value of the kerchiefs that the various classes of merchants and nobles were permitted to own.

The innovation of using handkerchiefs was not looked upon very favorably in other parts of Europe.

Montaigne, the famous French philosopher (whose essays are read today), in one of them about 1580, considered the custom of "wiping" one's nose as "peculiar." The Jansenists, a religious body established in France in 1600-1638, went further for they refused Easter communion to a lady because she trimmed her handkerchief with lace—at her next communion she used ribbon instead of lace and so overcame the difficulty—an example of woman's wit.

Handkerchiefs had, however, a reverential use—besides the utilitarian and hygienic. The most famous is that of St. Veronica—the name given to the woman whom tradition speaks of as having loaned The Saviour a handkerchief, to wipe his face, on the road to Calvary. When returned, it was found that the "True Image" of the Holy Face was miraculously imprinted on the kerchief—this is now in Rome and exhibited as a sacred relic.

Any Sunday in Central Europe—Dresden, for instance, you can see the peasant women carrying beautifully embroidered or printed handkerchiefs in which are wrapped their sacred books—the same practice is not unusual in some parts of Scotland. Coming back to the more prosaic fate of handkerchiefs, it is interesting to note what a glimpse they give of the mentality of various persons using this little piece of cloth. There is more character in a pocket handkerchief than one would credit and affords an index to the character of the user—an



# CONTACTS

habitual dirty handkerchief, which is squeezed up in the hand into so small a compass that it is hardly noticeable before using—or the man who ostentatiously unfolds a “sheet,” shaking it out before proceeding to blow his nose boisterously—the character of each is portrayed to any observer.

Henry IV of France (1589-1600), a devotee of the simple life, owned in 1594 only five handkerchiefs; several of these full of holes.

When Peter the Great, Czar of all the Russias, visited Paris in 1697, it is amusing to read the comments of a French duchess, that Peter was economizing in the use of handkerchiefs. Economizing is, or perhaps rather lack of handkerchiefs was, responsible for the introduction of a certain part of military uniforms until the Great War of 1914. Frederick the Great took great pride in the appearance of the dress of his smart regiments. He was annoyed by soiled sleeves which ruined the uniforms of his soldiers. In order to overcome this, someone struck on the bright idea of sewing fancy wire braid on all cuffs, which painfully reminded the soldier that not everything was suitable for use as a pocket handkerchief.

In contrast to the economizing Peter, as an example of extravagance, and out of deference to his host, a Spanish ambassador to the Court of St. James—who visited Queen Elizabeth—threw his silk handkerchief into the fire after using it but once. The Japanese were more economical—they used to carry rolls of tissue paper in the folds of their kimonos for the same purpose.

In olden days, ladies often gave their handkerchiefs as favors to the cavaliers; the articles were highly esteemed. In 1562 the will of Ralph Cleasby disposed of one handkerchief, evidently an article greatly prized.

Some of the handkerchiefs were very luxurious and a great deal of time spent in their adornment. Henry VIII had a handkerchief of Holland linen fringed with Venice gold lace, another of red and white silk, still another edged with

gold and silver lace of Flanders work. Queen Mary, in 1566, received as a New Year's gift, six handkerchiefs edged with gold lace—so our modern method of showing appreciation by gifts of handkerchiefs for Christmas and New Years dates back a few centuries.

Handkerchiefs wrought with names and true love knots were an “up-to-date” novelty in England in 1604, and as a change, in 1660, buttons were embroidered in all four corners.

In the days of the Tudors the men were great dandies. They wore ruffles round the neck and frills down the front—some were very elaborate. Shoes were of patent leather with bright buckles. Snuff taking was quite a habit, so when a pinch was inhaled some grains drop on the frill front, the dandy took his handkerchief which he carried on his walking stick (much the same as carried in the bracelet today), brushed it off—also the dust from his patent shoes before he entered the home at which he was calling. About the middle of the eighteenth century, women began to take snuff and colored handkerchiefs came into vogue. The silk bandana is designated a snuff handkerchief. White handkerchiefs became fashionable about 1830 when snuff-taking went out of style—about this time gentlemen began to carry white handkerchiefs in the breast pocket—the fashion seems to be revived. Handkerchiefs were of any shape according to the taste or whims of the user, until Marie Antoinette chanced to remark to Louis XVI that it would be more convenient if only square forms were used.

On January 2nd, 1685, the King of France issued an edict declaring that the length of handkerchiefs should equal their width throughout the Kingdom, and so the handkerchief, as we know it, came into being.

Very few pause to consider the importance of such a trifle. It looks and is a trifle compared with other articles of the textile trade. It has a romance all its own, little suspected by the millions of users.



## Among the SPORTSMEN

### Mixed Five-Pin Bowling League

This league is away to a good start for the second series after the holiday season. A noticeable feature so far this series has been the improvement in the bowling of a number of our lady players. This may be due to a little extra nourishment over Christmas and New Years. One or two instances might make this point clearer. Miss Kate Meharry, of the Troubadours, used to stand up to the foul line and heave for all she was worth. Since Christmas, why, she takes a race at them and bingo! down they go and a strike is called. Of course, the odd foul is called also, but who cares about a foul. "Slim" Bell, of the Olympics, is another example. The Olympics needed a good last frame to win the game against Fred Game's team. There was nothing to it, "Slim" struck out. So, after another good meal on stock-taking night, which most of the ladies will get "gratis," one never knows what will happen.

Some of the male bowlers, however, are putting the ladies to shame. Did you hear how "Pat," of the Headpins, rolled a perfect game the other night? "Pat" was in form from the very first frame. Strike after strike was marked on the score board. Word was passed along and the crowds lined up to see something very rarely seen in five-pin bowling, a perfect score of 450 or twelve strikes. "Pat's" left arm was still working O.K. and lo! the score board showed ten strikes. Now came the nerve wrecking ordeal, the last two strikes. "Pat" gripped his cigar between his teeth, the teeth that gave him good service and which he leaves in a glass before retiring each night. He looks at the board, goes to the rack and picks up his bowl, he staggers, yea staggers, to his position; the man who carried the ensign of the navy into the enemy's camp on Main Street on Decoration Day; the man who faced death a hundred times with the Canadian Navy, staggered in a game of five pins. However, away goes the eleventh ball, and, slowly but surely, it finds the old pocket, and strike 11 is marked on the board. Now he comes up for the last time. He is white and red by turns; he grips his bowl, stoops and lets it go; look! it's on its way, half way, two thirds and oh! it breaks wrong, no, right in and the game is over. "Pat" almost faints and looks at the board, the alarm clock goes off, 6.50 not 4.50. "Pat" awakens, it is only a bowler's dream.

A meeting of the executive was held on Tuesday, Jan. 5th, to discuss the question of a Duck Pin Competition after the close of the five-pin season. It was decided to send a questionnaire to each team captain, and we will advise the results in the March issue of Contacts. Any bowlers not now playing in the EATON League who would like to bowl Duck Pins should get in touch with Mrs. Smallwood, Mail Order Building.

### Team Standings as at Jan. 19th

A Division			B Division		
Team	W.	L.	Team	W.	L.
Headpins .....	7	2	Olympics .....	7	2
Wampas .....	6	3	Washouts .....	7	2
Dubs .....	6	3	Printers .....	7	2
Ramblers .....	5	4	Dandies .....	5	4
Scotias .....	4	5	Troubadours ..	3	6
Luckystrikes ..	3	6	Heathers .....	3	6
Ringers .....	3	6	Set Ups .....	2	7
Snappies .....	2	7	Tornadoes .....	2	7

### Curling News

Curlers are certainly loud in their praise of the first issue of Contacts, and very favorable are the remarks that have been passed. Unfortunately Ray Smith took home a copy and has been trying to explain to his wife ever since where he spent those evenings that were supposed to have been devoted to coaching the lady curlers. The ladies didn't mention any names, and this was a lucky break for more than one of the boys who has been using this as a Winter excuse to get in a few extra games.

The dope sheet to date has proven to be all upset. When McCalmont announced he was carrying a substitute by the name of Joe Sampson the boys smiled, but when that old reliable stepped on the ice it looked like old times, and, as Wish Houston remarked, only Forby Milne and Tommy Swann (now Calgary) could really appreciate playing those four skips. As Hammy Hogg announced the first game only started the boys. But when they met and defeated Dunc Matheson! How was Dunc to know that the Thursday delivery was going to be exceptionally heavy and, any way, Dunc says the game should not have been played on Thursday, and he has explained this to the Big Splash of the Paint Splashers. But Jack Smith claims he is only interested in winning games, and it is predicted that his team will go a long way if they uncork many games such as the one that broke George Allan's heart. Allan claims horse shoes are too numerous along the St. Mary's end of the building.

Jim Bloomer bowed to humble (very humble, 13-3) defeat when he met Olafson, and, if those boys keep that brand of curling going, the McGee Cup will be kept all polished up in the Jewelry Repair Shop. Wimbles is keeping four teams at the Printing Dept. pepped up to the extent of a healthy argument when honors will be dispensed in the way of hand-knitted water bottles and so on.

Walter Scott is the big shot when curling is discussed at the Warehouse, an enthusiastic curler and quite as good an editor, for "Curling News" still makes its appearance once a



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## THE EATON LADIES' SWIMMING CLUB

Our lady swimmers are off to a good start for 1932. They swim each Wednesday evening at 6.45 p.m. The life-saving classes are getting very proficient and are giving a good account of themselves. We are hoping to have some of our members trained in shape to enter the swimming competitions in the near future. Lady employees wishing to join the club can do so by making application at the Y.W.C.A. any Wednesday evening, or particulars can be obtained from the executive:

President—Mrs. Tustin, Dept. 229; Vice-President—Miss R. Hollins, Dept. 100; Sec.-Treas.—Miss F. Musgrove, Dept. 100; Committee—Miss E. Cropp, Dept. 236 W.R.; Miss H. Tustin, Dept. 212.

week and chock full of interest. Walter predicts a new resting place this year for the McGee Cup, well may be, but if not the McGee Cup, Dunc Matheson will get Ralph Croft's permission to play them for the Andy Gump Cup. But go ahead boys and fight like mischief, all curlers hate peace.

## Eaton Ladies' Curling Club

Play is now under way for the Mrs. Florence Wilson trophy, and to date two games have been played. This year looks, from the start, to be better than ever and competition is going to be keen and games hard fought.

Funny game this curling when you look at it from the gallery, you must be impressed that it should be a game at which women would excel, as so much depends upon the sweeping and bringing the stone into the "charmed circle." Wish some of the men would come over and give the members of this club a few lessons on the household art of "sweeping," because from what I have seen some of the members in this club have never used a broom.

All members are keyed up and looking forward to the Annual Manitoba Curling Association (Ladies' Branch) Banquet on February 2nd. Tickets \$1.00 per each, and a good meal and concert. Hope all members will turn out to this annual event.

K.

## Eaton Cricket Club

We have heard that some of the cricketers felt a little put out at not being mentioned in the first edition of Contacts. Want of space was the only reason for the omission. We are very proud of our cricket club, composed as it is of some of the best sports in the Store. Their president is Mr. Albert Marshall of the Printing Dept., who, aside from being a keen cricketer, is also noted as a first-class curler, bowler and golfer. Their captain, Jack Moore, is a very fair cricketer and steady bowler. Jack Slater, another classy bowler, has, we believe, been ambitious for the checker championship; and when they want to stop a "riot" they always send in that stalwart Jimmy Flack. D. Ross, of 13 Dept., is one of the hardest working members of the team, and Messrs. Saunders, Wilkinson, Donaldson, James, Flynn and Ward are beginning to show real merit. The team won the City Championship of its division and are never far from the top at the end of the season.

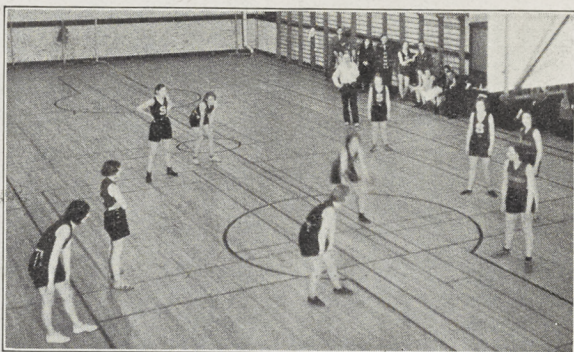
## Eatonia Ten-Pin League

The end of the first series saw the Drug team squeeze out ahead with a one-game margin. President Harry Artiss and his 8th floor stalwarts went down fighting valiantly in second place. The second series is now underway with the Drugs out on top again by two games, while Shippers, Candies, Groceries and 8th Floor are deadlocked for second place.



## The Eaton Girls' Basketball League

The league is now in the second series with the Rogues still undefeated but not untried. The Summerettes put a scare into the first series winners in their last meeting, which was by far the best game of the season, which ended in the Rogues' favor 21-16. For a brief moment or two in the last quarter the Summerettes forgot themselves with the result that their opponents romped off with the game.



Rogues vs. Summerettes—the Eaton Girls' Basketball League

Spades took Aces for a loss when they stacked the deck against the Monarchs with 12 points without a reply, however, the score does not indicate the run of play which was much closer.

Imps and Maroons game was postponed when the Imps notified us that several of their members were under the weather and so they could not field a team.

We are glad to note that several of our new players are making themselves felt on the floor, and here we make mention of a few of these who are gaining wonderful experience: B. Taverner and M. Marshall of the Imps, N. Doyle of Summerettes, N. McCorkill and L. Devlin of the Spades, K. Simpson of the Aces, N. Martin and E. Cropp of the Rogues, and K. Samis of Maroons.

League standing, including games played Jan. 18th, 1932:

	P.	W.	L.	For	Agst.	Pts.
Rogues .....	3	3	0	87	30	6
Summerettes .....	3	2	1	61	32	4
Spades .....	3	2	1	53	56	4
xMaroons .....	2	1	1	24	20	2
xImps .....	2	0	2	27	52	0
Aces .....	3	0	3	22	44	0

x—One game postponed.

### THE NINE LEADING SCORERS OF THE LEAGUE

Player	Team	B.	F.	Pts.
E. Porter, Rogues .....		9	2	20
W. Porter, Rogues .....		9	1	19
N. McCorkill, Spades .....		9	0	18
Agnes McCaffrey, Summerettes .....		8	1	17
I. Silverthorne, Maroons .....		8	0	16
T. Wallace, Summerettes .....		8	0	16
L. Little, Summerettes .....		7	1	15
J. Bjerke, Spades .....		7	0	14
A. Davidson, Spades .....		7	0	14

### FREE SHOTS AT THE BASKET

This column is intended to show the funny side of our plays and players, and we sincerely hope all concerned will like this, our first attempt.

\* \* \*

Did you know that we have a real good clown in our league? If you don't think so watch Bill Evans' face next time we play.

\* \* \*

And talk about your four-wheel brakes, take a slant at Flo Musgrove trying to stop Mable Croft's rushes and you will admit that Flo has good brakes.

\* \* \*

Jennie Bjerke says the next time they play the striped squad she is going to bring along her fencing outfit.

\* \* \*

Wonder how our referee liked playing that exhibition game against the girls. Anyway one of them got her own back when she climbed on his right ear to draw first blood.

\* \* \*

Somebody must have thrown a deuce amongst the Aces, but they expect to be in the thick of the fight before this appears in print.

\* \* \*

What happened to our newly wed scorer the other night? Anyway brides come first, Bill.

\* \* \*

Bill Evans is going to have Edna Porter kidnapped next time his gang meets the Rogues, so look out, gang.

\* \* \*

There is a possibility that the second and third teams may meet in a play off at the end of the schedule, and, with this end in view, all teams ought to work hard from now on.



# LOOKING BACKWARD

Two profoundly interesting exhibits have come to the attention of this department this month, both of which are full of tenderest memories for any old-timer of the organization.

The first goes 'way back to Monday, June 6th, 1910—just twenty-two years ago. It is a copy of the Free Press Evening Bulletin for that date, and half of page 13 of that issue is devoted to an account of the official opening of EATON Park, recreation ground of the EATON Athletic Association, held on the preceding Saturday, June 4th.

The official newspaper account is nothing to get excited about, merely stating in correct journalistic phraseology that, "despite the weather, which was anything but conducive to picnicking, the big new park was filled from early afternoon till late in the evening with a merry crowd"—and so on, the way it's always written.

But what gives the sheet its flavor is the write-up—produced, so we are informed, by a Mr. Scott—giving an account of the baseball game played that afternoon between two teams dubbed the "Has Beens" and the "Never Wazzers." This creation is a gem, indeed, and we take pleasure in appending a few quotations from it—again emphasizing the fact that the writing is Mr. Scott's, *not* ours:

"... the 'Beens' came to bat first, and George Scott, who was put as the first victim, trotted over to the home plate like a South American Gedalda. 'Jever see George? He has a shape like a quart of red preserves, and every time he missed the ball he threw a connip-tion fit. George is from the Cash Department, and in order to square himself he distributed ten dollar bills from



"GUEST," of the Meat Department, as seen by cartoonist Arch. Dale of the Free Press, June, 1910.

a roll tucked away in his jeans that looked big enough to swab a thirteen-inch gun. . . .

"... then a mighty shout went up as 'Hot Air' Rowlin, captain of the 'Beens,' advanced to the plate with never a smile on his chiselled features. He entered into the game with great spirit and insisted on using a cricket bat which was used by his father in the battle of Stony Mountain. Almost before you could think, he caught the ball on the port side of his slap stick and lambasted it high over the short stop. 'Horse Power' Hutt, who was guarding this position, got so excited that he began to do a Salome dance. . .

"... then Mr. Scrivener came to the plate—'Scriv,' they call him. He is just in from the reservation and is built on the principle of a merry-go-round. He weighs 230 pounds with most of it in the middle of him, and the last time he was measured a three-foot tape utterly refused to go round his centre scrimmage. 'Scriv' fished aimlessly with his bat for something that apparently was not there and finally retreated to the dog house. . .



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" . . . Mr. Guest had tipped off Jefferies to tell the others what he was going to do with that ball when it came his way, and because, forsooth, the ball caught him between the summer kitchen and the drawing room, he released a string of language not taught in grammar school. . . .

" . . . Mr. Jack Robertson, be it known, is a descendant of an old Maori fire-eater, and being the most ferocious looking man on his team, he was unanimously elected a captain. . . .

" . . . Now, Mr. Newman is rapid on delivery, and the way he distributed that spheroid to the North country was some throw, and then some."

The entire write-up is in the same delicious vein, and made toothsome reading when it first came to our attention. Accompanying it are cartoons of "Bill Porteous," "Graham (of the Hardware)," "Rowlin (The Ad. Man)," "Jack Robertson," and "Guest (of the Meat Department)." By a happy chance, we were able to get hold of the original drawing of the latter, and reproduce it here as a sample of the work shown.

### The "Jubilee Herald"

The second exhibit is a youngster beside the preceding one, but not a whit less interesting on account of its youth. It is a copy of "The Jubilee Herald," a six-page sheet published in April of 1919, the year of EATON'S Jubilee Celebration.

Among items on the front page of this newsy little journal we find an account (with photograph) of an entertainment put on by the 147 Opera Company, in the Fort Garry Hotel. These merry minstrels, it appears, panicked the house with a programme of twenty-three numbers (without intermission), made up of such current wows as:

"Chorus—'Sweet Little Buttercup,' full chorus.

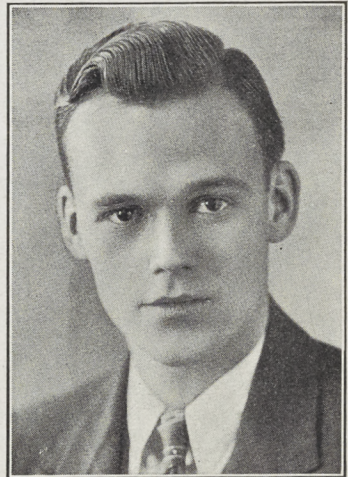
"Song—'Mother's Old Sweet Lullaby,' Francis Munroe.

"Irish Dance—Selected. Beatrice Gange."

Overleaf, we find among other things, that 206 Department had been making whoopee at Harrison Hall at a "Hard Times" dance, under the auspices of Mrs. Whiting and Miss Whittenbaugh. And across the page note that E. J. Smith is considering the purchase of a horse. Wonder if he ever got it?

On page four, we learn that out of a total of 1,083 men enlisted from the Winnipeg Store, 250 were already back on the job (five months after Armistice!)—that 205 were looking forward to the return of Capt. Sam Williams, M.C., and Bdr. Jack Aker—that Mr. C. D. Poole and Mr. Rowlin were working on some suitable and permanent record of our soldier employees. And on the back an account of the EATON Business Men's Club activities, and a comment upon the successful manner in which EATON Athletics were again getting under way after the war.

### Bouquet Department



TOMMY SCOTT

113 Department

Who can apply postage to over five thousand Mail Order parcels daily. Sharp eyesight, a clear head, and quick fingers in addition to a full knowledge of postal rates are the chief requisites to do this work. In addition, Tommy has a glint of red in his hair, and is quite fancy free. 1932 is Leap Year.